# HEROES IN TRAINING

GRAPHIC NOVEL

$3.00

## HADES AND THE HELM OF DARKNESS

created by
JOAN HOLUB &
SUZANNE WILLIAMS
adapted by David Campiti

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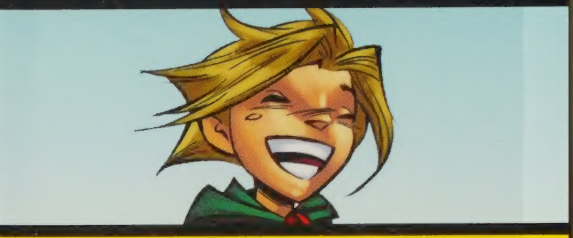
Ages 8-12



## THE HEROES IN TRAINING ARE ENTERING THE UNDERWORLD—

if Hades can conquer his canine fears, that is.

The Underworld isn't really meant to be a fun place, but tell that to Hades! He loves the dark and the stinky smell of sulfur. However, there is one thing that Hades is not a fan of: dogs. And when Zeus and his fellow Olympians encounter Cerberus—a snarling three-headed dog—Hades must conquer his fears and tame the hound so that everyone can continue into the Underworld and deposit their Titan prisoner, Oceanus, back where he belongs!

But with magical water that causes forgetfulness, hotbeds of lava, and another epic battle with two more Titans standing in their way, will the Olympians make it out of the Underworld with everyone intact?

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at Glass House Graphics

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This book is a work of fiction. Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Other names, characters, places, and events are products of the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual events or places or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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I AM PYTHIA, THE ORACLE OF DELPHI, IN GREECE.
I HAVE THE POWER TO SEE THE FUTURE.
HEAR MY PROPHECY: AHEAD I SEE DANCERS LURKING.
WAIT—MAKE THAT DANGER LURKING!

## PROLOGUE:
## HADES AND THE HELM OF DARKNESS

THE FUTURE CAN BE BLURRY, ESPECIALLY WHEN MY EYEGLASSES ARE FOGGY.
ANYHOO, BEWARE!
TITAN GIANTS NOW RULE ALL OF EARTH'S DOMAINS...
"...OCEANS, MOUNTAINS, FORESTS..."
"...AND THE DEPTHS OF THE UNDERWEAR."
"OOPS, MAKE THAT UNDERWORLD."
"LED BY KING CRONUS..."
"...THE TITANS SEEK TO DESTROY US ALL!"

AND YET, I FORESEE *HOPE*.
CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK
"A BAND OF RIGHTFUL RULERS CALLED *OLYMPIANS* WILL RISE."
"THEY WILL BE LED BY ONE WHO IS *DESTINED* TO BECOME KING OF THE GODS..."
"...AND RULER OF THE HEAVENS..."
SPLOOOSH!
"...*IF* HE IS BRAVE ENOUGH."

AND IF HE ACCEPTS THAT SOMETIMES HE MUST SHARE THE PAGE–UM–STAGE!–WITH FIENDS.
OOPS– FRIENDS!
FOR ONLY BY WORKING TOGETHER...
...WILL THESE YOUNG RULERS-TO-BE HAVE A CHANCE...
...AT SAVING THE WORLD!

CHAPTER ONE:
STINKY RIVER STYX
YOUNG ZEUS WAS REARED BY A BEE, A NYMPH, AND A GOAT—HIS ACTUAL PARENTS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. LIFE WAS UNEVENTFUL AND SPENT AROUND A CAVE.
NOW, IN MERE WEEKS, HE HAS MADE FRIENDS WITH OLYMPIANS, WHO'D BEEN TRAPPED IN CRONUS'S BELLY...
EWWW, YEAH.
I THINK IT'S THAT RIVER!
PEEEE-YEWWW!
WHAT IS THAT STINKY SMELL?
SNIFF SNIFF
SNIIIFF
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT?
THAT SMELLS AWESOME!
...AND ZEUS HAS BEEN SENT BY AN ORACLE ON HIS THIRD QUEST, TO FIND THE HELM OF DARKNESS IN THE UNDERWORLD, WHEREVER THAT IS.
HIS WEAPON: A THUNDERBOLT, WHICH APPARENTLY BELONGS TO SOMEONE NAMED GOOSE!

IN FACT, I THINK IT'S PRETTY DREAMY!
YOU WOULD, WEIRDO.
MAYBE THAT SIGN IS WRITTEN WRONG.
MAYBE IT SHOULD REALLY SAY "RIVER STINKS"!
RIVER STYX
YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK, ZEUS?
THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING NEAR THAT RIVER.
BUT YOU LIKE WATER, POSEIDON. REMEMBER?
BESIDES, YOU'RE AN OLYMPIAN...
HSSSSS
...THE GOD OF THE SEA!

I LIKE CLEAN BLUE RIVERS, NOT THAT GLOPPY, SKUNKY–
HSSSSS
*SNAKK!*
HEY!
YEOW!
WHY WOULD THAT SILLY ORACLE SEND US ON THIS QUEST WITHOUT ENOUGH INFORMATION?
AND WHAT IS THE HELM OF DARKNESS, ANYWAY?
AS USUAL, PYTHIA DIDN'T EXPLAIN, HADES.
SHE SEEMS TO WANT US TO FIGURE IT ALL OUT FOR OURSELVES.
LOOK, SO MANY THINGS HAVE GONE WRONG.
WE LOST HERA WHEN SHE WENT LOOKING FOR THIS TRIDENT.
WHO KNOWS WHERE SHE IS NOW?
BUT YOU FOUND THE TRIDENT. AND HADES, TOO!
SO A LOT HAS GONE RIGHT.
AND YOU KNOW HERA CAN FEND FOR HERSELF.
AND IT'S NOT JUST THIS RIVER THAT CREEPS ME OUT...
...IT'S THE WHOLE PLACE DOWN THERE!

IT'S SO–
WHAT WAS THAT?
HOWNNNK!
HUH–
STEAMIN' UNDERSHORTS!
THAT SMARTS!
PSSSSS!
HOWNNNK!
YEOWCH!
PSSSSS!

HONNNNNK!
HEY, NOW!
HONNNNNK!
PSSSSST!
WOWW! THUNDERATION, THAT'S HOT!
PSSSSST!
HONNNNNK!
PSSSSST!
WATCH IT!
HONNNNNK!
HONNNNNK!
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
OWW!
OWWW!
PSSSSST!
PSSSSST!

AHOY!
LAST FERRYBOAT TO THE UNDERWORLD!
HUH?
A BOAT TO THE UNDERWORLD?
PERFECT!
LET'S GET ON IT!
HONNNNK!
*GASP!*
LIKE WE HAVE ANY CHOICE?
PSSSST!
IT'S LIKE WE'RE BEING HERDED DOWN TO THE BOAT!
HONNNNK!
PSSSST!
PSSSST!
WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES!
PSSSST!
PSSSST!
PSSSST!

CAPTAIN CHARON
HONNNNK!
YANK!
STEP UP!
STEP UP!
PSSSS!
HE WANTS US TO MOVE *FASTER!*
THEN DON'T KEEP HIM *WAITING!*
*HEY!* I THINK THAT FERRYMAN'S *HORN* IS CAUSING THE STEAM TO HONK OUT!
HONNNNK!
*HALT!*
HRRM. HMMM...
ARE YOU *DEAD?*
THAT'S FOR SURE...

NO, I THINK HE MEANS–
...DEAD TIRED! WE COULD SURE USE A RIDE!
ALL RIGHTY, THEN. PAY YOUR FARE.
PASSAGE ACROSS THE RIVER STYX COSTS ONE OBOL...
HUH?
WE DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY!
NEXT!
...EACH!
BETTER PAY THE FEE, YOUNG MAN.
SHOVE!
IT'S EITHER THAT OR WANDER THESE SHORES FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS!
A FEE? BUT...

THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE.
AHHHHHH
FLAPP
STILL HERE? GET LOST!
YOU'RE BLOCKING OTHERS WHO CAN COUGH UP THE FARE!
THEY'RE ALL DYING TO GET IN!
...
...
CHUCKLES

THAT WAS A JOKE! GET IT?
BECAUSE YOU'RE ALL DEAD, AND–
NO.
HA-HA-HA-HA!
HEH. FINALLY! SOMEONE WHO APPRECIATES A GOOD JOKE!
HA-HA-HA!
*GASP*
HEE-HEE
ARE THESE GUYS WITH YOU?
HEH-HEH. YES, SIR. THEY ARE!
WELL, OKAY, THEN! JUST THIS ONCE, I'LL OVERLOOK THE FARE.
WELCOME ABOARD!

CHAPTER TWO:
WILD RIDE
ALL RIGHTY, YOU *SHADES!*
YOU'VE EACH PAID YOUR *OBOL!*
NOW IT'S *SHOWTIME!*
LET'S SEE IF I CAN BRING A LITTLE *LIFE* TO THIS PARTY!
SPLOOOSH
WHY IS HE CALLING EVERYBODY *SHADES?*
BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT WE *ARE,* BOY.
*SHADOWS* OF OUR FORMER SELVES.
YOU LOOK KINDA *PALE,* BUT YOU'RE *PEOPLE,* NOT SHADOWS!
ARE WE?

CAPTAIN CHARON
FIRST, A LITTLE HUMOR: WHO CAN TELL ME WHAT THE FAVORITE GAME IN THE UNDERWORLD IS?
ANYONE?
IT'S PICK-UP-STYX!
"PICK-UP-STYX!"
HA-HA-HA!
HA-HA-HA!
"STICKS."
GET IT? LIKE THE NAME OF THIS RIVER WE'RE ON– STYX!
GOOD ONE!
THANKS! I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM!
OH NO.

WHAT ARE THE GREEK GODS' FAVORITE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS?
HARP-IES!
WHY DID THE GREEK STUDENT FAIL THE TEST?
BECAUSE HE MADE TOO MANY MYTHTAKES!
WHY CAN'T YOU TRUST GREEK INSTRUMENTS?
THEY'RE MOSTLY LYRES!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
HOW DO YOU GET GOOD AT MAKING GREEK POTTERY?
YOU HAVE TO URN IT!
WHY DID THE SHADE BEG THE FERRYMAN TO STOP TELLING CORNY JOKES?
BECAUSE THEY WERE KILLING HIM—AGAIN.

WHATEVER.
IF HIS JOKES DON'T KILL US, THE STINK FROM THIS RIVER PROBABLY WILL.
I LIKE CHARON'S JOKES.
AND I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RIVER.
WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH AT THE SHADES' JOKES?
THEY BORE YOU TO DEATH!
HA-HA! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, KID!
I LIKE YOU!
GOT ANY MORE?
SURE!
YEAH.
MAYBE I CAN CLEAN IT USING MY TRIDENT–THE WAY I FIXED THE SEA IN OUR LAST QUEST!
*PHEW!*
LOOKS AND SMELLS LIKE GARBAGE STEW!
TRIDENT, TRIDENT, TRIED AND TRUE, TURN THIS RIVER SPARKLING BLUE.
SPLORTCH!

HOW DOES A GREEK SCULPTOR SNEEZE?
STATCHOO!
MAYBE YOUR TRIDENT'S POWERS DON'T WORK IN THE UNDERWORLD!
YOU MEAN LIKE HADES'S JOKES?
BUT THEY HAVE TO WORK!
WE CAN'T GO ON A QUEST WITHOUT MAGIC!
BLORRCH! BLORRCH!
I THINK THE FERRYMAN LIKES ME, GUYS!
HOW WILL WE DEFEND OURSELVES?
GOOD QUESTION. LET'S FIND OUT.
BOLT!
LARGE!
NONONONONONONONO!

EVEN THOUGH THE ORACLE SAID THAT BOLT BELONGED TO SOMEONE NAMED GOOSE...
SO NOW WHAT?
CHECK CHIP. SEE IF IT'S WORKING!
GOOD IDEA.
SO, CHIP...?
OH BOY. NO SOUNDS.
NO SYMBOLS.
NO COMPASS ARROW.
I THINK ZEUS WAS RIGHT...
...OUR MAGICAL OBJECTS DON'T WORK HERE IN THE UNDERWORLD!
WHICH MEANS WE'RE DOOMED!
WE CAN'T COMPLETE OUR QUEST WITHOUT WEAPONS, OR A COMPASS TO SHOW US WHERE TO GO.
...ZEUS HAS GOTTEN QUITE USED TO THE THUNDERBOLT GETTING HIM OUT OF BAD SITUATIONS.

YOU MUST FIND THE HELM OF DARKNESS.
IT RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO THE ONE WHO IS LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD.
FIND IT--AND YOU WILL ALSO FIND MORE OF THE PERSONS YOU SEEK.
BUT BEWARE OF THE SECOND OF THE KING'S CREATURES OF CHAOS...
I KNOW! I REMEMBER WHAT THE ORACLE SAID--
"FOR THEY ARE FAR, FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN--"
GUYS--A BIG PROBLEM!
INCOMING!

CONFOUND IT!
WHOA!
WHOOM-M-M-M!
YEOW!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
THE BOAT'S BEING HIT...
...THOSE CREATURES ARE SNAPPING AT MY TRIDENT!

OW!
SNAPP!
SNAPP!
KA-ROOOM!
YOU–WITH THE PITCHFORK!
DON'T TEASE THE CROCKYDEADS!

## CHAPTER THREE: THREE RULES

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING?
OOOF!
EEEEP!
OW!
WE'VE GOT YOU, PAL!
DON'T LET ME FALL IN!
DON'T LET ME FALL IN!
GRAB!
I THOUGHT YOU LIKED WATER!
SNAPP!
SNAPP!
NOT THAT WATER!
SPLOOSH

WE'RE HERE!
BA-THUMMP!
PULL IT UP BEFORE THE CREATURE CHANGES ITS MIND!
THAT WAS NOT FUN!
AT LEAST IT DIDN'T LEAVE CHEW MARKS!
TH-THUMPP
TROUBLEMAKERS!
GET OFF MY BOAT!
CAPTAIN CHARON
BUT– BUT THOSE UGLY THINGS STARTED IT!
I THOUGHT THEY WERE CUTE.
WAIT!

YES...?
I APOLOGIZE FOR THE TROUBLE, AND MAYBE THIS ISN'T THE BEST TIME TO ASK...
WE KNOW IT'S SOMEWHERE HERE IN THE UNDERWORLD...
...BUT WE DON'T KNOW QUITE WH–
...BUT MY COMPASS ISN'T WORKING. COULD YOU GIVE US DIRECTIONS BEFORE WE GO?
WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HELM OF DARKNESS.
HAVE YOU HEARD OF IT?
ENOUGH!
LISTEN UP, SHADES!
I'M GOING TO TELL YOU THREE RULES THAT YOU NEED TO KNOW IN THE UNDERWORLD.
LISTEN CLOSELY–AND IGNORE THEM AT YOUR PERIL!
BAM!
*GULP!*

RULE NUMBER ONE: DON'T ASK NOSY QUESTIONS!
GOT IT?
YESSIR!
RULE NUMBER TWO: OBEY ORDERS!
GOT IT?
YUP.
YES! YES!
UH-HUH.
POKE!
GOOD!
NOW GET OFF MY BOAT!
OW!
I WONDER WHAT RULE NUMBER THREE IS!
PROBABLY BEST NOT TO ASK.
YEAH. DON'T FORGET RULE NUMBER ONE!

KLUNNNG!
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
CREEPY! THAT'S WHAT IT IS.
YOU MEAN IT'S AWESOME!
SAY, WHY DOES THIS GATE'S MAGIC WORK HERE IN THE UNDERWORLD...
...BUT OURS DOESN'T?
WOW.
MAYBE BECAUSE OUR MAGIC WASN'T BORN HERE?
OF COURSE, NOTHING AND NOBODY WAS BORN HERE.
HEY, LOOK AT THAT!

BEWARE OF THE THREE-HEADED DRAGON DOG!
THAT IS THE COOLEST THRONE I'VE EVER SEEN!
YOU MEAN COMPARED TO ALL THOSE OTHER THRONES YOU NEVER SAW WHILE STEWING IN KING CRONUS'S BELLY?
WAIT WAITWAITWAIT WAIT!
DOG?
"THREE-HEADED DRAGON DOG"?
I'M OUTTA HERE!
COME BACK!
WE NEED TO STICK TOGETHER!

GLANNNG!
WAIT FOR *ME!*
TAKE US *WITH* YOU!
*SORRY.* NO CAN DO!
REMEMBER RULE NUMBER *THREE?*
YOU DIDN'T TELL IT TO US!
*NO!*
AND *YOU* SAID WE COULDN'T *ASK!*

RULE NUMBER *THREE:* THIS FERRY CARRIES PASSENGERS ONLY *ONE WAY...*
*...INTO* THE UNDERWORLD.
ONCE YOU'RE IN...
YOU'RE IN.
THERE'S *NO* ESCAPE.

GGRRRR!
GRRROWL!
THAT WASN'T YOUR STOMACH RUMBLING, WAS IT?
WE'RE NOT SO LUCKY.
OH, NONONONONO!
WE'RE TRAPPED!
WITH NO MAGIC!
*ULP!*
GUYS, WE'RE SITTING DUCKS OVER HERE BY OURSELVES.
FOLLOW ME.

YEAH. MOVING FASTER IS BETTER!
LET'S MINGLE WITH THE OTHERS!
WE ARE SOOOOO DEAD!
TRUE! I WAS STRUCK DOWN IN BATTLE A WEEK AGO!
I TRIPPED OVER A BUCKET AND BROKE MY NECK!
"KICKED THE BUCKET," YOU MIGHT SAY.
WHAT ARE YOU ALL TALKING ABOUT?
HOW WE BIT THE DUST!
SNAKEBITE. NEVER RECOVERED.
WAIT–
–YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU'RE ALL DEAD?
OF COURSE.
THAT'S WHAT CAPTAIN CHARON'S JOKES WERE ABOUT.

DUH. DIDN'T YOU *GET* THAT?
BUT... *WE'RE* NOT DEAD, THOUGH.
*ARE* WE?
NO WAY! DON'T WORRY.
I DIDN'T GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF *FREEING* YOU FROM A GIANT'S BELLY...
...JUST SO WE COULD ALL END UP DEAD!
WHEN THE ORACLE PROMISED THAT THEY'D FIND *MORE OF THE PERSONS THEY SEEK* IN THE UNDERWORLD, THAT MEANT OLYMPIANS.
YET ZEUS HOPES THE ORACLE *ALSO* MEANT HE MIGHT FIND HIS *MOM* AND *DAD*.
BUT IF EVERYONE ELSE DOWN HERE IS DEAD, DOES THAT MEAN HIS PARENTS ARE DEAD TOO?
EVERYONE'S *MOVING!*
HE CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO VOICE THE WORDS.

CHAPTER FOUR:
THIRSTY
GRUFF! GRUFF!
GRRRRR
E
A
T
THE DRAGON DOG IS HERDING EVERYONE INTO THREE LINES!
HMMM. THE SIGN ON THE LEFT HAS A BIG E ON IT.
THE MIDDLE SIGN HAS AN A.
THE RIGHT ONE HAS A T.

GUYS, E-A-T SPELLS "EAT"!
EAT?
I KNEW IT!
THAT MONSTER IS DIVIDING US UP FOR HIS BREAKFAST, LUNCH, AND DINNER!
GROWWWWWL
GRUFF!
OH NO, HE HEARD YOU!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

NOW!
I'M WITH YOU!
HEY, WAIT FOR ME!
WOOF!
OH NO! HE'S SPOTTED US!
GRRRR
GROWWWL
WOOF!
OH BOY.
NONONONONO!

GROWWWL
GRRRRR
ARRUMMPH
YAHHHH!
OOOOPS!
TRIPP
SPLATT!
GRRRRR
GROWWWL
GET AWAY!
BACK!
BACK!

I SAID...
SCHLIK!
...GET BACK!
HEY!
WHOA!
OWWROOOOO!
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
THUNDERATION! YOU JUST PULLED THAT THING OUT OF THAT DRAGON DOG'S TAIL!

TAIL?
I THOUGHT THAT WAS A LOG!
WHATEVER YOU THOUGHT...
...RUN!
GROWWWLLF
AHHHHHH!
SLURRRRRP!
SIR.
BRR.
US.
EEEEP!

SIR.
BRR.
US.
SWIPPP!
SLURRRP!
EWW!
YICK!
SLURRRP!
STOP!
HELP!
SLURRRP!
NO WAY I'M GONNA BE DRAGON DOG DINNER!
IT'S LICKING ME TO DEATH!
DROP DOWN!
CRAWL BACK!
YUCK!
YICK!
SURE!

IS IT AFTER US?
ACTUALLY, UM...
IT'S NOT.
IT'S JUST SORT OF WAITING THERE...
...AND LOOKS KIND OF SAD!
WEIRD! I THINK IT'S– WHOOPS!
WHUFF!
FTIPP!
HEY!

WHUMP
FRUMMP
OWWW!
OOOF!
HELLLP!
OOOPS!
IPP!
GLEEEP!
THUMP
BA-DUMMP

I THINK WE–
HEY!
ICK.
WHERE ARE WE?
FAR FROM THAT DOG, THANK GOODNESS!
EWARE-BIP!
EWARE-BIP HE-TIP IVER-RIP ETHE-LIP!
HUH?
MOLDY MACKEREL!
YOUR CHIP'S TALKING AGAIN?
UMMM...

UH...
I GUESS NOT.
SIGH.
BUT WHAT DID IT SAY A MINUTE AGO?
NOT QUITE SURE.
IT WAS MUFFLED AND IT SPEAKS IN CHIP LATIN.
SORT OF LIKE PIG LATIN, MOVING THE FIRST LETTER OF EACH WORD TO THE END AND ADDING AN "IP" TO IT.
WELL, YOU KNOW...
...IT SOUNDED LIKE "BEWARE THE LIVER THIEF."

"BEWARE THE LIVER THIEF"?
OH, THAT'S A *BIG* HELP.
YOU!
*HA!* THANKS FOR SAVING US THE TROUBLE OF *FINDING* YOU AGAIN!
CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK
FINDING *US?*
*YOU* WERE THE COWARD WHO *RAN AWAY!*
OCEANUS!
SHOULD'VE LOCKED YOU AWAY WHEN WE HAD THE *CHANCE!*

OH, I MUST MEET YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS, OCEANUS!
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK
YES, SHOW THEM YOUR RIVER.
I'M OUTTA HERE!
HA-HA-HA
HEY!
SPLASH!

THAT TRIDENT-STEALING THIEF!
I THOUGHT HE'D RUN OFF TO BLAB ABOUT US TO KING CRONUS WHEN HE ESCAPED US!
WHY DID HE COME TO THE UNDERWORLD INSTEAD?
WHO IS THIS WOMAN WITH HIM?
WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?
WOW! THIS RIVER IS PERFECTLY CLEAR–SO TOTALLY UNLIKE THE RIVER STYX.
SHOULD I CHASE AFTER HIM?
I'M READY FOR A FIGHT!
I'M READY TO HAVE A LONG, COOL DRINK!
I'M PARCHED!
THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT IT!
ROY G. BIV!
SNAPP!

WHAT DO YOU BOYS THINK?
ABOUT *WHAT?*
YOU'RE A *TITAN,* AREN'T YOU?
YES. I'M *MNEMOSYNE.*
BUT FEAR NOT. I MEAN YOU NO HARM.
SHE PRONOUNCES HER NAME AS NIH-*MAH*-ZUH-NEE...
IN FACT, YOU BOYS ALL LOOK SO *THIRSTY* FROM YOUR LONG JOURNEY HERE.
COME, DRINK FROM MY *RIVER.*

REST AND *FORGET* YOUR TROUBLES FOR A WHILE.
*YOUR* RIVER?
*THANK* YOU, MA'AM.
WHO'S ROY G. BIV?
IT'S NOT A PERSON. IT'S MY NEW *MNEMONIC*– MY WAY OF *REMEMBERING* SOMETHING.
FOR EXAMPLE, "ROY G. BIV" STANDS FOR THE COLORS OF THE *RAINBOW.*
SO, LIKE: RED. ORANGE. YELLOW. GREEN. BLUE. INDIGO. VIOLET.
GULP~GULP~GULP!
SHE PRONOUNCED THE STRANGE WORD NIH-MAH-NICK. LIKE THE START OF HER NAME.
YES! EXACTLY RIGHT! MY GIFT IS THE POWER OF *MEMORY.*
THAT'S HOW I CAME UP WITH THE IDEA FOR *MNEMONICS* LIKE THAT ONE FOR THE RAINBOW.
DOWN HERE, THE DEAD DON'T SEE MANY RAINBOWS...

...AND I WANT TO HELP THEM REMEMBER *COLORS.*
THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU, MA'AM.
WHAT WAS *OCEANUS* DOING HERE?
OCEANUS AND I ARE OLD... *FRIENDS!*
THERE AREN'T MANY *TITAN*-SIZE FOLKS IN THE WORLD—OR IN THE *UNDER*WORLD, FOR THAT MATTER...
...SO WE *VISIT* ONE ANOTHER FROM TIME TO TIME.
HERE—DRINK FREELY!
THE WATERS OF THE *RIVER LETHE* ARE THE CLEAREST OF ALL FIVE RIVERS IN THE UNDERWORLD!
THE MOST *DELICIOUS,* TOO.

YOU'LL FORGET ANY OTHER WATER ONCE YOU TASTE THIS.
THANK YOU, MA'AM.
THE RIVER LETHE...
WHY DOES THAT RING A BELL?
THAT'S IT! CHIP!
JUST MINUTES AGO, CHIP WAS TRYING TO WARN US ABOUT THIS RIVER!
SPLUNNK!
WAIT!
NO!
SWAT!
WHA–?
HUH?

THWUNK!
STOP!
WHOA!
HEY!
WHY'D YOU *DO* THAT?
I JUST REALIZED WHAT *CHIP* WAS TRYING TO *TELL* US!
HE DIDN'T SAY LIVER THIEF. HE SAID, "*BEWARE THE RIVER LETHE!*"
WAIT, WHAT?
"CHIP"?
*YOU!*
YOU WERE TRYING TO *TRICK* US!

HA-HA-HA!
DON'T BE SILLY!
TOK!
WHY WOULD I WANT TO DECEIVE CHILDREN?
GO ON AND DRINK, OLYMPIANS!
UMMM, WHAT'S AN OLYMPIAN?
WHA–?
SWAKK!
THAT'S WHAT WE ARE!
WHAPP!
ZEUS THINKS MNEMOSYNE DOESN'T REALIZE THAT HE ISN'T AN OLYMPIAN LIKE POSEIDON AND HADES ARE... AS FAR AS HE KNOWS...

...AND THAT IS PROBABLY A GOOD THING.
GRAB HIM!
LET'S GO!
GO AHEAD AND RUN, LITTLE CHICKEN BOYS!
WELL, PERHAPS ZEUS IS A LITTLE MORE THAN A MORTAL. AFTER ALL...
...THE ORACLE CALLED HIM A HERO IN TRAINING!

BUT IF YOU THINK YOU'LL ESCAPE US TITANS *THIS* TIME...
...YOU CAN *FORGET* IT!
AHA-HA-HA!
LOOKS TO ME LIKE *YOU'RE* THE ONE *ESCAPING!*
SPLOOSH!!
ZEUS WONDERS HOW THE TITANS CAN *SWIM* SAFELY THROUGH A RIVER WHOSE WATER CLOUDS *MEMORY*...
BACK!
SPLATT!
...BUT HE'S NOT ABOUT TO TAKE ANY *CHANCES* WITH HIS FRIENDS!
OH BOY.
*NOW* WHAT?
WE STILL HAVE OUR *QUEST!*
LOOKS LIKE *THAT* WAY–THROUGH THE *SULFUR* FIELD!

CHAPTER FIVE:
FORGET IT
POSEIDON HAS BEEN ASKING DUMB QUESTIONS NONSTOP SINCE HE DRANK FROM THE RIVER LETHE.
BLUBB
HSSSS
ESSSS
AM I A FARMER?
A WHAT?
A FARMER!
IF NOT, WHY AM I CARRYING AROUND THIS PITCHFORK?
BLORRB
THAT'S YOUR TRIDENT. YOU'RE GOD OF THE SEA.
DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
ZEUS WONDERS HOW, OR EVEN IF, THEY CAN RESTORE POSEIDON'S MISSING MEMORIES.

DESPITE LIVING IN A TITAN'S BELLY ALL YOUR LIFE, YOU KNOW WHAT A FARMER AND A PITCHFORK ARE...
...AND YET YOU DON'T REMEMBER YOUR TRIDENT OR WHO WE ARE?
THIS GETS STRANGER AND STRANGER!
MAN, JUST TAKE IN THAT LOVELY SULFUR SMELL!
MAKES ME HUNGRY!
MAKES ME GAG!
I'M ABOUT TO BARF!
I REMEMBER NOW. YOU'RE ZEUS.
BUT WHO ARE YOU?
HEY!
OW!
WATCH IT!
I'M HADES.
POW!
AND I KNOW THAT THIS IS MY LEFT FOOT.
BUT WHAT DO YOU CALL MY OTHER FOOT?
REALLY?
SERIOUSLY?

RIGHT.
I'VE FIGURED IT *OUT!*
POSEIDON DRANK *HALF* THE WATER IN THE GLASS THAT MNEMOSYNE GAVE HIM, REMEMBER?
SNAPP!
IT MUST'VE MADE HIM FORGET *HALF* OF EVERYTHING!
*GREAT!* JUST WHEN WE MOST NEED OUR *WITS* ABOUT US...
*...HE* TURNS INTO A *HALF*-WIT!
...NOT AS LONG AS HE KEEPS *FORGETTING* STUFF.
*OW!* HOT ROCK! HOT ROCK!
*SIGH* SEE WHAT I MEAN?
YEAH. *GOT* IT.
WHAT?
POSEIDON'S NOT GONNA BE ANY HELP IN FINDING THE *HELM* NOW...

THE TITAN SAID THERE WERE FIVE RIVERS IN THE UNDERWORLD...
...BUT POSEIDON'S IN NO SHAPE TO EXPLORE!
HEY! CHIP'S TWITCHING!
THUMP! THUMP!
BZZZT
BUMMP!
WHAT'VE YOU GOT FOR ME, CHIP?
AP-MIP!
BZZZT
BZZZT
UNDERWORLD
WE KNOW, CHIP!
THAT'S WHERE WE ARE!

THERE WE GO– A MAP!
TARTARUS.
THAT'S WHERE CHIP TOLD US TO IMPRISON OCEANUS, WHEN WE WERE ON OUR LAST QUEST!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FOUND IT– RIGHT HERE IN THE UNDERWORLD!
TARTARUS
ELYSIAN FIELDS
ASPHODEL MEADOW
SO IF WE CAN RECAPTURE OCEANUS, WE CAN STILL IMPRISON HIM THERE!
AND MAYBE MNEMOSYNE, TOO!

MIND IF I LOOK?
GO AHEAD!
T...
TARTARUS
ELYSIAN FIELDS
E...
ELYSIAN FIELDS
A...
TARTARUS
THAT SPELLS "TEA"!
OR, IF YOU ARRANGE THE LETTERS DIFFERENTLY...
...THEY SPELL "EAT"!
LIKE THE SIGN AT THE FRONT OF THE LINES!
I'LL BET "EAT" IS ANOTHER OF MNEMOSYNE'S MNEMONICS...
...TO HELP SHADES REMEMBER THE LAYOUT FOR THE UNDERWORLD.
E FOR ELYSIAN FIELDS.
A FOR ASPHODEL MEADOW.
T FOR TARTARUS.
SO THAT'S WHY THE DOG WAS MAKING THREE LINES?
YEAH. THAT MUST BE THE THREE PLACES WHERE THE DEAD GO.

OKAY, SO I GUESS THE DOG DOESN'T *EAT* THE DEAD, AFTER ALL.
BUT WHAT IF HE EATS THE *LIVING?*
LIKE *US!*
UM–
WAIT– *DOG?* WE HAVE A *DOG? AWESOME!*
*HERE,* POOCHIE, POOCHIE!
*TWEEET!*
SNAP! SNAP!
SERIOUSLY...
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN HIS *MEMORY* COMES BACK!
DITTO. *IF* IT EVER DOES.

POSEIDON, YOU *FORGOT* SOMETHING.
*HERE.* DON'T LET GO OF IT AGAIN.
HMM?
YEAH, *THANKS.*
OH *NO!* THE *MAP*– IT *BLINKED* OUT!
*SIGH* IT'S ALL RIGHT.
I ALREADY *MEMORIZED* THE MAP!
*ELYSIAN FIELDS* IS CLOSEST, SO LET'S CHECK IT OUT FIRST.
IT'S *THIS* WAY!
AS THEY JOURNEY *DEEPER* INTO THE UNDERWORLD, ZEUS CAREFULLY DESCRIBES TO POSEIDON THE *QUEST* THEY ARE ON...

CHAPTER SIX:
GOOD, AND DEAD
...AND HE DESPERATELY HOPES THAT POSEIDON WILL REMEMBER MORE THAN HALF OF WHAT HE'S TOLD!
WAIT, WHAT?
TO ENTER, WE HAVE TO BE DEAD?
THAT'S NOT GOOD!
WE MADE IT THROUGH ALIVE THIS FAR, DIDN'T WE?

HADES, I THINK MY PLAN A...
YOU MEAN YOUR PLAN IS JUST, "WELL, WE'RE NOT DEAD YET"?
PLAN B! YOU NEED A PLAN B!
FOOD! THERE'S FOOD HERE!
I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I LAST ATE!
WELL, THIS WAS UNEXPECTED!
...IS LOOKING REALLY GOOD RIGHT NOW!

SNAPP!
MMMM. ROSES!
AND APPLES!
IN THIS PLACE, YOU CAN SMELL APPLES!
SNIIIIFF
SO THIS IS WHERE THE GOOD PEOPLE GO AFTER THEY DIE.
NICE!
YEAH. I COULD GET USED TO THIS.
I GUESS.
I PREFER THE SMELL OF THE SULFUR SWAMP, MYSELF.

FLIP!
...WHATEVER A "HELM" IS.
I'D LOVE TO STAY HERE FOR A LONG WHILE, BUT WE STILL NEED TO FIND THE HELM...
RIGHT NOW I JUST NEED TO FILL MY BELLY WITH A FEW MORE–
HEY!
"A FEW MORE HAY"?
I'D PREFER FRUITS OR VEGETABLES TO HAY, BUT WHATEVER YOU–
SHUT IT AND LOOK AT THIS, GUYS!
DOESN'T THIS LOOK LIKE HERA'S HAIR?

TOSS!
CHOMP!
YOU THINK HERA COULD BE HERE IN THE UNDERWORLD, OF ALL PLACES?
RIDICULOUS.
KRUNCH KRUNCH KRUNCH
WHAT ARE THE ODDS?
SO YOU THINK HERA WENT LOOKING FOR MY TRIDENT AND WOUND UP HERE?
POSEIDON, IT'S POSITIVELY WEIRD WHAT THINGS YOU DO REMEMBER AND WHAT YOU DON'T.
BUT I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE "ODDS" OR COINCIDENCE.
PYTHIA SENT US H–
HELP!
OH BOY. THERE'S OCEANUS!
WAS THAT HERA?
SOUNDS LIKE SHE'S IN TROUBLE!

WHAT'S HE *DOING?*
WHY IS THERE A *GREENHOUSE* IN AN OPEN FIELD IN THE UNDERWORLD?
IS HE LOCKING SOMEBODY INSIDE?
NO MAGIC IN THE UNDERWORLD, REMEMBER?
CLICK!
BOLT– *LARGE!*
*SIGH*
YEAH. NOT SURE WHY *CHIP* WORKED FOR A MINUTE BEFORE.
CHOMP! CHOMP!
THE *THREE* OF US CAN TAKE *OCEANUS.*

GIVE US HERA!
YEAH!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
HA-HA-HA
OKAY...
MAKE ME, SHRIMP!
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK

CHAPTER SEVEN:
THE HELM
HA-HA-HA-HA!
AHHHHH!
OCEANUS–HE'S GONE!
WHERE DID HE GO?

WAS THAT MAGIC?
DID HE JUST MAGICALLY DISAPPEAR?
FLUMMP!
YOU HURT?
ONLY MY PRIDE.
REMEMBER ME, BOYS?
SURPRISE!
WHA–?

NYAH, NYAHHH!
YOU CAN'T CATCH ME!
GET HER!
BY ALL MEANS, COME GET ME, BOYS!
YOU KNOW THIS IS A TRAP, RIGHT?
THEN LET'S TRAP HER WITH IT!
THEN WE'LL DOUBLE BACK TO SAVE HERA!
SHE'S GONE!
YUP, THEY HAVE MAGIC.
MAGIC THAT WORKS IN THIS WORLD.
I THOUGHT AS MUCH.

YOU BOYS ARE *MUCH* TOO SLOW!
HA-HA-HA!
SWOOOSH!
WE'LL *SEE* ABOUT THAT!
THWUMMP!
MISSED! HE'S GONE AGAIN!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
TIRED YET, BOYS?
WE CAN DO THIS DISAPPEARING ACT FOR ALL *ETERNITY!*

WE'LL NEVER TIRE!
GOOD TO KNOW.
KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!
OW!
OWWW!
THUNK!
WHUNNK!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHY DO WE SEE ONLY ONE OF THEM AT A TIME?
BUT ONLY WHEN THEY ARE WEARING THAT BOWL THING ON THEIR HEADS?
THEY POSSESS SOMETHING MAGIC TO MAKE THEM VANISH!
OHHHH

NO, NOT VANISH. I THINK THEY'RE JUST TURNING INVISIBLE...
...AND MOVING WHEN WE CAN'T SEE WHERE OR HOW THEY MOVE!
"JUST" TURNING INVISIBLE? STILL A PRETTY GOOD TRICK.
MAYBE IT'S THAT METAL BOWL THEY KEEP PASSING BETWEEN THEM!
THAT'S NOT A BOWL. IT'S A HAT.
OR A HELMET.
WHY ELSE WOULD THEY KEEP PUTTING IT ON THEIR HEADS?
YES, THAT'S IT! IT'S A HELMET!
AS IN "HELM"! GET IT?
SNAP!
THAT'S RIGHT, FOOLS!
WE POSSESS THE HELM OF DARKNESS!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
OWWW!
HEY!
OOOMPH!
THWAAAK!

YUP! WE STOLE IT...
...FROM THE THRONE OF THE LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD HIMSELF!
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK
YOU ACT SO BIG AND MIGHTY, BUT YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE THIEF!
FIRST YOU STOLE THE TRIDENT BELONGING TO POSEIDON WHEN HE WAS A BABY– AND NOW THIS!
WAIT– HE DID?
I'LL SAY!
OWW!
RUDE INSOLENCE, BOYS!
HA-HA-HA!
THIS IS GETTING TIRESOME!
WHUNNK!
SHE'S NOT ATTACKING STRAIGHT ON, AND HE'S STAYING AWAY.
MY TRIDENT IS MAGIC?
THEY'RE AFRAID OF THE MAGIC IN YOUR BOLT AND POSEIDON'S TRIDENT!

THEY HAVEN'T YET REALIZED THAT OUR MAGIC ISN'T WORKING HERE...
...SO LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY!
OCEANUS, GIVE US THE HELM OF DARKNESS...
...OR FACE THE WRATH OF OLYMPIANS!
WAIT, OCEANUS!
UNHH!
NOT THIS TIME, SHRIMP!
WAIT FOR ME!
CLACKETY-CLACK!

IT WORKED!
THEY NEVER GUESSED OUR WEAPONS ARE...
HELP!
LET ME OUT OF HERE!
HERA! SHE MUST BE INSIDE THE GREENHOUSE.
C'MON. LET'S RESCUE HER!
YOU TWO DO THAT.
I'LL GO AFTER THE HELM!
GRAB!
NO SPLITTING UP!
THAT'S HOW WE LOST HERA IN THE FIRST PLACE!
I SAY WE SAVE HERA FIRST.
OKAY. FINE.
YEAH!
THEN WE CAN GO AFTER THE HELM TOGETHER!
WAIT– THAT'S NOT HERA!
WHO ARE YOU?

HI! I'M DEMETER!
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
FORGET ME ALREADY?
POSEIDON, WE GREW UP WITH HER.
ALL OF US EXCEPT ZEUS IN KING CRONUS'S BELLY.
THEN ZEUS FREED US.
REMEMBER?
NUH-UH.
AHH, IGNORE POSEIDON!
HE DRANK FROM THE RIVER LETHE.
LOST HALF HIS MEMORY!
BUT I STILL HAVE ALL MY STRENGTH.
*UNNGGH!*
OH NO...
IT'S LOCKED, BOYS!
OTHERWISE I'D HAVE BEEN OUT OF HERE LONG AGO!
TOK!
GANGWAY!

UMMM, I EXPECTED A BETTER *RESULT.*
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT IS.
IT'S *MAGIC.* CAN'T BE BROKEN.
I TRIED *MANY* TIMES.
*HERA* WAS IMPRISONED HERE *WITH* ME TILL THEY TOOK HER TO *ASPHODEL MEADOW.*
I DO. I MEMORIZED THE *MAP!*
*OF COURSE* YOU DID.
SO GO AFTER *HER...*
AND THEN COME *BACK* FOR ME!
OKAY. WE'LL BE BACK IN A–
*NO.* WE'LL SET DEMETER FREE *FIRST.*
THEN WE'LL SEARCH FOR HERA *TOGETHER.*
HERA *WARNED* ME YOU WERE A *BOSSY THUNDERPANTS!*
I *PREFER* THE NAME *"THUNDERBOY"* THAT SHE GAVE ME.
OKAY, *THUNDERBUTT!*
RAP
RAP
RAP

HERA'S *OTHER* NICKNAMES FOR ZEUS STINK WORSE THAN THE RIVER *STYX!*
HOW'D YOU WIND UP *HERE,* DEMETER?
*MNEMOSYNE* BROUGHT ME HERE ON KING CRONUS'S *ORDERS.*
TAK!
TAK!
TAK!
SHE AND OCEANUS PLANNED TO TAKE BOTH HERA AND ME TO A MORE SECURE HIDING PLACE TODAY– TO *TARTARUS.*
SNAPP!
POSEIDON, YOU *DID* IT!
YUP.
THAT'S THE LOWEST, *FOULEST* PIT IN THE UNDERWORLD.
COME *ON!* TO *ASPHODEL MEADOW!*
WOW!
WHOA.
WHY SO *SLOW?*
AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE *LEADING,* THUNDERBREATH?

THE URGE TO TAKE CHARGE COMES OVER ZEUS MORE AND MORE AS THE DAYS PASS...
...EVEN IF IT DOES MAKE HIM LOOK BOSSY.
WOW! THIS MUST BE WHAT SNOW LOOKS LIKE!
IT'S ASPHODEL.
IT'S THE ONLY FLOWER THAT WILL GROW IN THE UNDERWORLD...
...OUTSIDE OF THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.
LOOK– THE TITANS!
AND THEY HAVE HERA!
ROARRR!
ROARRR!
ROARRR!
THAT HELM MUST MAKE YOU INVISIBLE ONLY IF IT'S ON YOUR HEAD!
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

NO! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
BRACE YOURSELF!
EEEEP!
HA-HA-HA!
ROARRRR!
ROARRR!
OLYMPIAN SNACKS—THE MOST IMPORTANT MEAL OF THE DAY!
HA-HA-HA!
RUN LIKE LITTLE RATS, KIDS!
BA-THOOM!
BA-THOOM!
BA-THOOM!
GAHHHH!

GR-RUFF!
GR-RUFF!
GR-RUFF!
OH, NONONONO!
STAY BACK! BACK!
BA-THOOOM!
SLURRRRP!
NO! YICK! GET AWAY!
SLURRRP!
SLURRRP!
STOP! YOU'RE NOT GOING AWAY!
STOP LICKING!
SLURRRP!

SLURRRP!
SIR.
BRR.
US.
AGGGH! NO!
SLURRRP!
LISTEN, BOY! FETCH!
THOSE TITANS–FETCH!
GR-RUFF!
ROARRR!
UH-OH... HIDE!
HOW? WHERE?
LET ME GO, CLAWBOY!
ROARRR!
ROARRR!

TIME TO VANISH!
WHAT ABOUT ME?
ROARRR!
ROARRR!
ROARRR!
GO JUMP INTO A RIVER!
AAAAK!
GR-RUFF!
GLUMMMPH!
STOP THIS!
LET ME GO!

SNIFF!
SNIFF!
SNIIFF!
GLOM!
GOOD DOGGIE!
NICE DOGGIE!
ICK! SOGGY DOGGIE!
GR-RUFF!
CHOMMP!
OUCH!

OWW! OWW!
NO!
GRRRRRRRR
KLANNG!
ACKK! ALL RIGHT!
YOU WIN!
GRRRR-RUFF!
OH NO.
NOW WHAT?

GR-RUFF!
HEY.
HERA!
DEMETER!
CAREFUL. I'M A LITTLE SLIMY.
WHY, THANK YOU!
MUCH APPRECIATED, DESPITE THE SLOBBER!
BUT THIS BIG DOGGIE'S HEART IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE!
LET US OUT!
WE'LL JUST FORGET THIS WHOLE THING EVER HAPPENED!

SPITOOIE!
SPLUTZ!
WHOA, DOG!
OOOPS!
PA-LUNK!
WAIT!
DUMMP!
FLUMMMP!
AHHHH!
DRUMMMM
HUH?
TIK!

WHAT THE–?
WAIT, WHAT?
DID *YOU* GUYS JUST SEE–
HOW IT *SHRANK* TO OUR SIZE THE MOMENT IT *TOUCHED* YOU?
*YEAH!*
BUT MOST IMPORTANT–
*WE* HAVE THE *HELM!*
WE *BOTH* SAW THAT!

CHAPTER EIGHT:
THE FURIES
ROARRR!
ROARRR!
ROARRR!
BA-THOOM!
BA-THOOM!
THOSE SHRIMPS HAVE THE HELM!
RUN! BEFORE THEY CAN–

SKRRRUNCH!
SKRRRUNCH!
YEOWTCH!
UNNHHH!
GR-RUFF!
GR-RUFF!
THAT DRAGON DOG HAS THEM *PINNED!*
LET'S MAKE SURE THEY *STAY* THAT WAY!
C'MERE. SO GLAD YOU'RE *SAFE!*
ME TOO.
WELL, MAYBE *SO...*
I SEE THAT *ZEUS* IS STILL AS *BOSSY* AS EVER!
BUT *THUNDERBOY* LED US RIGHT *TO* YOU!

I MISSED YOU TOO, HERA!
HEY!
WHUFF!
SORRY.
I'M JUST SOOOO GLAD TO SEE YOU!
WHAT? YOU REMEMBER HERA BUT NOT ME?
POSEIDON?
WHAT AM I MISSING HERE?
HE DRANK FROM A MAGIC RIVER AND LOST HALF HIS MEMORY.
I AM PART OF WHAT HE LOST!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO!
IT'S THAT TITAN'S FAULT!
SIR.
BRR.
US.
THAT'S IT, DOGGIE!
YOU HOLD ON TO THOSE TITANS UNTIL WE CAN DUMP THEM INTO A PRISON!
AND NO LICKING, DOG!

ZEUS DOESN'T MIND THAT *HERA* HUGS EVERYBODY *EXCEPT* HIM.
HE TELLS HIMSELF HE DOESN'T WANT A HUG ANYWAY.
ZEUS LETS *HADES* FILL BOTH GIRLS IN ON THE DETAILS OF THEIR QUEST–
GOT IT!
SO I SAY WE IMPRISON THE TWO TITANS IN *TARTARUS,* FIRST THING!
INCLUDING HOW A MONSTROUS THREE-HEADED DRAGON DOG HAS SOMEHOW BECOME THEIR ALLY!
DON'T *WE* GET A SAY IN THIS?
POI!
OWW!
NO!

SOUNDS GOOD. AFTER THAT, WE CAN LOOK FOR THE LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD...
...AND RETURN THE HELM TO HIM.
OR TO HER.
COME ON, THEN. ZEUS KNOWS THE WAY.
OF COURSE HE DOES!
YOU'RE WELCOME!
FOR WHAT? SAVING ME?
HUMMPH! I COULD HAVE SAVED MYSELF– AND WITHOUT THE SLOBBER!
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, ANYWAY?
WHILE LOOKING FOR THE TRIDENT...
...I GOT CAUGHT IN AN OCEAN CURRENT!

"IT WAS OCEANUS'S DOING! THE CURRENT SWEPT ME FROM SEA TO SEA, UNTIL I WOUND UP IN THE RIVER STYX."
"I'VE BEEN TRAPPED HERE IN THE UNDERWORLD EVER SINCE!"
SPEAKING OF WHICH, ARE YOU GONNA TELL ME ABOUT HOW YOU FOUND THAT TRIDENT?
I DON'T REMEMBER.
BUT THEY TELL ME THAT OCEANUS HAD STOLEN IT!
DID NOT! IT'S MINE!
SHUSH!
IT REALLY IS MINE.
TURNS OUT THAT I'M GOD OF THE SEA!

SO LET ME LIGHTEN YOUR LOAD THERE, SEA GOD!
HEY!
YANK!
YEAH, YOU SHOULDN'T GET TO HAVE ALL THE FUN!
PLOP!
EXACTLY.
*CHUCKLE*
OH NO. POOR HERA. GONE AGAIN.
WHATEVER WILL WE DO?
HEY! WHERE DID SHE–
HA-HA! I KNEW YOU'D TRY SOMETHING!
JUST GOTTA BE MORE CLEVER!
OOOOO! MY TURN!
THUNK!
WSSSS

LISTEN, SHRIMPS! THAT'S NOT A KIDS' *TOY!*
IF YOU CAN'T SHOW THE HELM SOME *RESPECT,* YOU CAN HAND IT BACK OVER!
NOT A *CHANCE!* YOU'RE *TERRIBLE TITANS!*
YOUR *HEARTS* ARE AS UGLY AS THE *REST* OF YOU!
THAT'S RIGHT– WE'RE *TITANS!* WE COMMAND *RESPECT!*
YOU CAN'T INSULT US LIKE THAT!
SO HOW DO YOU *WANT* TO BE INSULTED?
*ARRRGH!*

STOP!
WHOA! WHOA!
GROWWWL
DESPITE PANGS OF JEALOUSY OVER POSEIDON'S FINDING HIS TRIDENT, AND DESPITE KNOWING HE WILL SOON GIVE UP HIS THUNDERBOLT TO SOMEONE NAMED GOOSE...
FOUR OLYMPIANS DOWN. ONE TO GO!
ONLY HESTIA IS STILL MISSING.
WAIT...
...ZEUS FEELS SATISFIED AND FULFILLED BY THEIR PROGRESS SO FAR!

...YOU MEAN FIVE OLYMPIANS DOWN, RIGHT?
INCLUDING YOU!
WHA–?
I THINK YOUR MEMORY IS STILL HALF-CUCKOO.
HEY, MR. BOSSY BOLTS...
...MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL!
YOU CARRY THIS FOR A WHILE. IT'S HEAVY!
WHOA! CAREFUL!
FOR A FLEETING MOMENT, ZEUS WONDERS WHY HERA WAS SO QUICK TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT!
GR-RUFF!
GR-RUFF!
PA-TOOEY!
PA-TOOEY!
GR-RUFF!

HO-HO! THAT'S BETTER!
FA-WHUMMP!
STOP 'EM!
WHAT IS THAT SILLY DOG OF YOURS BARKING AT, ANYWAY?
FA-WHUMMP!
IT'S NOT MINE!
HEY WHAT ARE THOSE?
SLURRP!
EWWWW.
HE SURE HAS TAKEN A LICKING–
I MEAN A LIKING–
TO YOU!

OH NO!
IT'S THE FURIES!
FURIES? IS THAT BAD?
OF COURSE IT'S BAD...
"...THEY'RE CREATURES OF CHAOS!"
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
WHO GOES THERE?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE'RE OLYMPIANS!
WE'RE TAKING THESE TITAN PRISONERS TO TARTARUS!
WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE!

THIEVES!
YOU HAVE STOLEN THE HELM.
ROARRRRRR!
SNAPP!
SNAPP!
RUN!
DO SOMETHING!
ZEUS, USE YOUR THUNDERBOLT!
I CAN'T!
ITS MAGIC DOESN'T WORK IN THE UNDERWORLD!
YOU MUST BE PUNISHED!
THE MOMENT THOSE WORDS ESCAPE HIS LIPS...

ZEUS KNOWS THAT THE OLYMPIANS ARE IN EVEN *MORE* TROUBLE!
"DOESN'T WORK"?
THEN THE PRIZE IS OURS FOR THE TAKING!
CLACK CLACK
CLACK CLACK
LEAVE US ALONE!
THE *TITANS* STOLE THE HELM OF DARKNESS– *NOT US!*
THEY'RE *LYING!* THOSE FIVE SPAWNS OF *EVIL* CAME ON A QUEST TO *STEAL* THE HELM.
LOOK! IT'S IN THEIR HANDS *RIGHT NOW!*
SNAPP!
GR-RUFF!
GR-RUFF!
SNAPP!
NO–WE'RE *INNOCENT!*

YOU WILL CONFESS!
OR WE'LL DROP EACH OF YOU INTO A RIVER OF LAVA!
NO! I SAY WE DUMP THEM ALL INTO A SULFUR SWAMP!
HA! I SAY WE PUT A POX UPON THEM!
SWISSSH
ARRRROOOO!
SKRITCH*
SKRITCH*
SKRITCH*
SKRITCH
ROOOOOO!
A POX OF FLEAS!
YOU REALLY ARE EVIL CREATURES OF CHAOS!

IDIOT! YOU MISSED!
WAK!
DID NOT!
SLITTCH!
DID TOO! YOU SHOULD HAVE HIT THE THIEVES, NOT THEIR DOG!
THOK!
TOK!
HOW DARE YOU!
WHY, YOU. I OUGHTA–
SKREEEEEE*
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
THIS IS WHY I LIKED IT IN CRONUS'S BELLY!
NO CREATURES OF CHAOS. NO TITANS. NO TROUBLE.
BUT THEN YOU HAD TO COME ALONG AND FREE US!
IT WAS A PRISON!

IT WAS BETTER THAN BEING CHASED BY *FURIES!*
TRUE.
IN THE KING'S BELLY WE ONLY HAD TO DODGE FISH BONES, THE OCCASIONAL COW, OR AN INCOMING OLYMPIAN!
I'M STILL GLAD WE'RE *OUT,* THOUGH.
WELL, *I'M* NOT. AND *HERA'S* RIGHT...
YOU *ARE* BOSSY!
THUMP!
*AND* YOU SHOULDN'T BE HOGGING THIS WHEN I DON'T HAVE ANY *WEAPON!*
WHY, YOU. I *OUGHTA–*
YANK!
THEM'S *FIGHTIN'* WORDS!
*STOP* IT!!

CHAPTER NINE:
TAG! YOU'RE DEAD
ZEUS CAN'T HELP BUT FIGHT.
IT'S AS THOUGH THE FURIES' ANGER HAS INFECTED HIM!
YEOW!
STOP!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
ZI-NG!
ZHA-NG!
FIZZ!

FWOOM!
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA!
FRIZZL!
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
KA-THUNK!
I THOUGHT YOU GUYS SAID YOUR WEAPONS' MAGIC DIDN'T WORK IN THE UNDERWORLD!
IT DIDN'T, UNTIL NOW, WHEN ALL THREE TOUCHED.
IT MAY HAVE BEEN MAGIC, BUT IT'S NOT POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DEFEAT THOSE FURIES!
THAT'S REALLY TOO BAD, BECAUSE THOSE FURIES HAVE STOPPED SQUABBLING.
AND THEY'RE COMING IN FOR THE KILL!

HEY!
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
SLURRRP!
YIKES! I THINK THAT'S TARTARUS UP AHEAD!
P.U.! STINKY!
WE FURIES WILL PUNISH YOU WITH A TERRIBLE TASK!
ARRROOOO!
EVILDOERS ALWAYS FAIL AT OUR TASKS!
SKRITCH
SKRITCH
SKRITCH
SKRITCH
WE'LL KNOW WHO IS LYING, SOON ENOUGH!

I'LL CHOOSE THE TASK.
I'M VERY CREATIVE WHEN IT COMES TO PUNISHMENTS.
REMEMBER THE TIME I PUT A POX ON–
ACK! I'M THE CREATIVE ONE.
REMEMBER THE NEVER-ENDING TASK OF SORTING ASPHODEL SEEDS...
...THAT I GAVE TO THOSE SHADES LAST MONTH?
THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO MY MAKING SHADES BALANCE ON THEIR HEADS FOR HOURS...
...AND SAY TONGUE TWISTERS WHILE I TICKLED THEIR FEET WITH A FEATHER!
I FEEL KIND OF WOOZY.
*ULP!*
ME TOO.
I THINK IT'S THOSE AWFUL SULFUR FUMES COMING FROM DOWN THERE!
HA! ME, I LIKE THE SMELL.
IT HELPS ME THINK!
AND HERE'S WHAT I'M THINKING NOW.
WITH THOSE FURIES TRYING TO ONE-UP ONE ANOTHER...
...I SAY WE GIVE THEM A PUNISHMENT IDEA OF OUR OWN!

I HOPE THOSE FURIES DON'T CHOOSE A GAME FOR OUR TASK!
GAMES TERRIFY ME! ESPECIALLY A GAME LIKE, UM–
TAG?
RIGHT. TAG!
OH NO! NOT A GAME OF TAG!
UM, YEAH. NOT TAG!
C'MON. PRETEND YOU'RE SCARED OF TAG.
THUP!
PLEASE, WE BEG OF YOU. ANYTHING BUT THAT!
HMMMM...
WE HAVE DECIDED YOUR PUNISHMENT!
YOU MUST SURVIVE A GAME OF TAG–WITH THANATOS!

SKRITCH*
YEAH. I'M GOOD AT TAG!
I OUTRAN HUNDREDS OF THUNDERBOLTS BACK HOME IN CRETE.
SKRITCH*
THAT DOESN'T SOUND BAD.
SKRITCH*
SKRITCH
THIS'LL BE A CINCH!
*ULP!*
DID THEY SAY "DEATH"?
I HAVE COME!
HEH. THINK SO?
COME FORTH, THANATOS...
...BRINGER OF DEATH!

WELCOME, DEAR THANATOS!
LADIES!
I AM HONORED THAT YOU HAVE CHOSEN ME TO EXECUTE THIS PUNISHMENT.
AND I DO MEAN "EXECUTE"!
THERE'S NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN A GAME OF "TAG! YOU'RE DEAD"!
*GULP*
YOU MEAN IF YOU TAG US, WE FALL DOWN DEAD?
REALLY AND TRULY DEAD?
NEVER-LEAVE-THE-UNDERWORLD-AGAIN DEAD?
YOU GOT IT. EXACTLY.
WHOOSH!
AHHHH!

ZEUS IS STUNNED BY THE SPEED AND FURY OF THE WIND THAT BLOWS THEM INTO TARTARUS!
HIS FEAR AT HIS PLIGHT IS OVERSHADOWED BY HIS ANGER THAT HE CAN DO NOTHING TO SAVE HIS FRIENDS!
WE'RE FALLING— BUT IN SLOW MOTION!
IT'S LIKE A CRAZY DREAM!
OR A NIGHTMARE!
THE NIGHTMARE HAS BARELY STARTED!
IT'LL BE FUN!
SKRITCH SKRITCH
SKRITCH SKRITCH
ARRRR

GR-RUFFF!
BUMP
FUMMMP!
BUMP
CLUMMMP
I'M TRYING!
GRAB IT, OCEANUS!
CLACK
BA-THOOM!
THOOM!
COME BACK HERE, YOU CRAZY DRAGON DOG!
SLURRP!
BETTER START RUNNING. GAME'S ON.
AND I'M "IT"!

WE'RE BIG. WE'RE BIGGER TARGETS!
SO TAKE BIGGER STEPS!
DEMETER AND HERA RAN SOMEWHERE ELSE.
I DON'T SEE THEM!
I HOPE THAT MEANS THANATOS CAN'T SEE THEM EITHER!
KOFF KOFF
IT'S NOT A FAIR GAME, SO WE NEED NEW RULES.
THEN WE FIGHT BACK INSTEAD OF HIDING IN FEAR!
"SO MAYBE IF WE COMBINE OUR WEAPONS AGAIN, WE CAN SPARK–"
HERA!
RUN!

THUNNK!
EH?
SHE'S ESCAPED!
TAG IS SERIOUS BUSINESS, MY FRIEND!!
BACK OFF!
THWIPP
BRR.
US.
SIR.

NO!
WE CAN'T LET HADES DIE!
YOU'RE A BULLY, GOING AFTER KIDS SMALLER THAN YOU!
GO PICK ON A TITAN!
YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED!
THOK!
THAK!
ENOUGH GAMES.
TAG.
YOU'RE–
WAUMMP

CHAPTER TEN:

## LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD

WOW!
THUMP!
AM I INVISIBLE?
YES!
GOOD!
I'M STAYING THAT WAY UNTIL THIS GAME OF TAG IS OVER...
...AND THANATOS IS LONG GONE!
NO NEED.
ALL HAIL THE LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD!
WAIT, WHAT?
ME? FOR REAL?
YES.
AND I AM YOUR SERVANT.

WHAT WOULD YOU BID ME TO *DO?*
TOSS!
HOW ABOUT YOU *CALL OFF* THIS CRUEL, DEADLY *GAME?*
YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, O LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD.
SO *THAT'S* WHY THAT DOG LIKES YOU SO MUCH!
THAT MUST BE WHY THE *SULFUR* FUMES MAKE YOU THINK BETTER.
AND WHY YOU LIKE *STINK!*
*LORD* OF THE UNDERWORLD? *HA!*
THESE EVIL SCHEMERS HAVE *TRICKED* YOU, THANATOS!

...THE TRUE LORD OF THIS WORLD!
THE HELM– IT BECAME THIS CROWN WHEN I TOUCHED IT!
YOU ARE MISTAKEN, MY LADIES.
THE INVISIBLE BOY IS THE ONE WE'VE AWAITED...
IT'S JUST SOME SORT OF MAGIC SPELL!
HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE
PUNISHMENT MUST BE SERVED!
THEY'RE ATTACKING! DUCK!
NO! ZEUS, DRAW YOUR BOLT!
POSEIDON, HOLD UP YOUR TRIDENT!
THE REST OF YOU...

AGGGK!
FWOOM
HIGH-FIVE!
THUNDERATION!
AWESOME!
FLIPPIN' FISH STICKS!
SLAPP!
SLAPP!
AMAZING!

FLUMP
FLUMP
FLUMP
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
TEAMWORK!
IT APPEARS THAT THESE OLYMPIANS ARE EVEN STRONGER THAN KING CRONUS FEARED!
THEIR MAGIC WAS BOLSTERED BY THEM BANDING TOGETHER.
SO IT SEEMS.
THEY ARE SO STRONG THAT THEY HAVE OVERCOME THE UNDERWORLD'S RESISTANCE TO EARTH MAGIC!
NORMALLY THE SULFUR DRAINS POWER AWAY FROM ANY EARTHLY MAGIC THAT COMES HERE.
YES.
WHICH PREVENTS SHADES FROM SNEAKING IN MAGICAL WEAPONS.

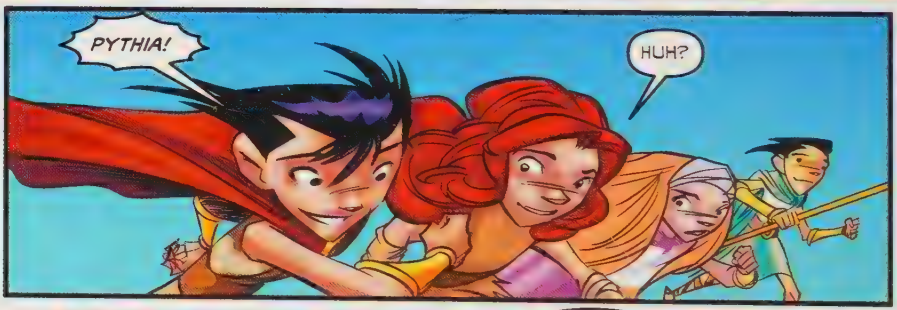
YOU! TITANS! TELL THOSE FURIES THE TRUTH!
ADMIT YOU WERE LYING BEFORE, OR–
ALL RIGHT!
WE ADMIT IT! WE STOLE THE HELM!
*GASP!*
AT LAST– TRUTH!
I CAN PECK OUT THE EYES OF THESE THIEVES IN THREE SECONDS!
I CAN SCRATCH THEM TO RIBBONS IN TWO SECONDS!
I CAN CAST THE POX OF A THOUSAND FIRE ANT BITES IN ONE SECOND!
UH, OKAY, GOOD TO KNOW, LADIES.
FOR NOW, IMPRISON THESE TWO TITANS SOMEPLACE SECURE IN TARTARUS.
ANOTHER POX? MUST BE HER SPECIALTY!
SOMEWHERE THEY WILL NEVER ESCAPE FROM!

YES, MY LORD!
HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!
SO NOW WHAT?
ALLOW ME TO ASSIST!
NOW WE GO BACK TO EARTH, HERA.
HOW?
CLAP CLAP CLAP!
WITHIN MOMENTS...
UPON YOUR RETURN TO THE UNDERWORLD ONE DAY, WE WILL HOLD A CORONATION...
...AND SHOW YOU TO YOUR THRONE.
REALLY? WOW!
WAIT– THRONE?
HADES GETS A CROWN AND A THRONE?

WELL, HADES IS THE LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD.
THOSE ARE THE THINGS THAT THE GOD OF THIS WORLD IS SUPPOSED TO GET.
I GUESS.
SIR.
BRR.
US.
YOU KEEP SAYING THAT.
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE MINE, AFTER ALL.
SO I THINK I'LL NAME YOU "CERBERUS."
PAT PAT PAT
THANATOS WILL TAKE YOU OUT OF THIS PIT.
AND I'LL BE BACK SOON.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, BOY?
SLURRRP!
LICK! LICK!
AND SO...
AWAY!
HEY, I JUST THOUGHT OF A JOKE THAT CHARON WOULD LOVE!
WHY DID THE CHARIOT WHEEL COME LOOSE?
BECAUSE IT NEEDED TO BE TITANED!
HOO, BOY.

STOP! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
*GASP!*
WAITWAIT WAITWAITWAIT!
KRIIIIK!
WHERE ARE WE?
WE'RE FREE!
BACK ON EARTH AGAIN!
SWOOOSH

THANKS FOR THE RIDE, FELLAS!
HEY! RIGHT FOOT! LEFT FOOT!
I REMEMBER EVERYTHING AGAIN!
IT'S ABOUT TIME!
SEE YOU SOON– I THINK!
GUYS?


PYTHIA!
HUH?

ORACLE.
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.
OH.

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU ALL–
DEMETER!
HADES!
HERA!
POSEIDON!
ZEUS!
YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED IN YOUR QUEST!
THE HELM OF DARKNESS IS NOW IN THE RIGHT HANDS!
YOU MEAN ON THE RIGHT HEAD!
WHERE ARE–
CHAPTER ELEVEN:
OLYMPIANS, ONE AND ALL

I HAIL YOU, LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD!
IT IS GOOD AND JUST THAT YOU HAVE REGAINED YOUR RIGHTFUL THRONE.
THANK YOU.
WISH I HAD A THRONE.
AT LEAST YOU'VE GOT A TRIDENT!
I'VE GOT NOTHING!
NEITHER DOES DEMETER.
I GUESS IT'S OKAY.
ZEUS FEARS THAT THE ORACLE WILL THINK THEM UNGRATEFUL FOR THE THINGS THEY DO HAVE...
...AND REALIZES THAT, AS A LEADER, HE NEEDS TO SAY THAT.
WILL I EVER GET A MAGICAL OBJECT –LIKE ZEUS'S BOLT?
OR POSEIDON'S TRIDENT?
OR HADES'S HELM?
DEAR CHILD...
PYTHIA, WE'RE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR OUR PRIZES AND FOR YOU GUIDING US ON OUR QUESTS.
BUT BEFORE YOU CHARGE US WITH A NEW ONE...

VERY WELL. I WILL ALLOW QUESTIONS.
BUT YOU MAY ASK ONLY THREE.
...WE HAVE A FEW THINGS WE'D LIKE TO ASK.
WHY ONLY THREE?
BECAUSE THREE IS THE MOST MAGICAL NUMBER.
PLEASE DON'T MAKE THAT THE FIRST QUESTION YOU ANSWERED!
I HAVEN'T STARTED COUNTING YET.
TO MAKE IT FAIR, EACH OF US TAKE ONE BLADE OF GRASS.
THE THREE WITH THE LONG BLADES EACH GET TO ASK A QUESTION.
SO, WILL DEMETER AND I EVER GET OUR OWN MAGICAL OBJECTS?
YES. IN TIME.
WHAT WILL MINE BE?
HEY! YOU ONLY GET ONE QUESTION!

IF AND WHEN ALL THE OLYMPIANS ARE UNITED AGAIN, YOU WILL HAVE THE POWER TO DEFEAT CRONUS AND HIS EVIL WAYS.
WHAT DO YOU SEE IN OUR FUTURE?
THE FUTURE IS WHAT YOU MAKE OF IT. BUT DARK FORCES ARE GATHERING.
SO YOU MUST BE STRONG– AS ONE. A TEAM.
IF YOU FAIL, THE ENTIRE WORLD WILL BE LOST TO CHAOS AND DESTRUCTION!
BUT, HEY... NO PRESSURE, RIGHT?
ZEUS OPENS HIS MOUTH TO ASK ABOUT HIS PARENTS...
...BUT THAT'S NOT THE QUESTION THAT TUMBLES OUT!
AM I AN OLYMPIAN LIKE THE OTHERS...

...OR AM I A HERO IN TRAINING?
YOU ARE BOTH!
I'M SORRY, ZEUS.
I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE AN OLYMPIAN...
...BUT I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE ON OUR SIDE.
I KEPT IT A SECRET FOR TOO LONG.
OH.
AND NOW BEGINS YOUR NEW QUEST!
NEXT YOU MUST FIND THE OLYMPIC TORCH...
...WHICH RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO THE PROTECTOR OF THE HEARTH!

FIND THE TORCH, AND YOU WILL ALSO FIND MORE OF THOSE YOU SEEK.
YOU MUST TREAD CAREFULLY!
FOR WITH EACH OF YOUR SUCCESSES, KING CRONUS FEARS YOU MORE!
AND I FEAR FOR YOU WHEN YOU NEXT COME UPON HIM.
IT WILL BE SOON. BEWARE!
OLYMPIANS, WE HAVE OUR QUEST!
SO ONWARD!
ZAP!
HZZ!
ZING!
SLAP!
SLAP!
TO ADVENTURE!
TO ADVENTURE!

WAIT– WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
WHAT? WHERE?
LOOK!
TAKE COVER!
SKREEEEE
YEOW!
SKREEEEEEE
KA-BOOM!

ONE MORE SECOND, AND WE'D HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO *SMITHEREENS!*
WHO THREW A *FIREBALL* DOWN ON US?
*KOFF KOFF*
AND *WHY?*
I DON'T KNOW...
FSSSSSSSS*
POP! KRAKKLE
...BUT I INTEND TO *FIND OUT!*

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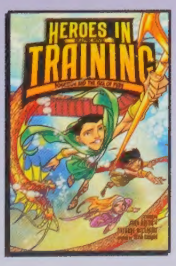


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